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## GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

*Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.*

By W. LACKOWITZ.\*

## I.

Pine heath with sand, fathomless sand underneath it, sand in which the wheels of a carriage turn but slowly and the horses progress but slowly, step by step—such is a landscape in the Brandenburg Marches, and such it was likewise a hundred years ago. It possessed then as few attractions as it possesses now, even though the moon sheds over it her silver light, as it did at the moment of which we are about to speak. Yes, the moon shone fully upon the arid, sandy expanse. The wheels of the carriage turned slowly with a monotonous creaking on the heavy axes, and the horses, snorting and tossing their heads, advanced only step by step. In vain did the occupant of the lumbering vehicle cry from the window:

"Get on, coachman, get on! Fresh horses are waiting in the village."

"It's no good, sir!" was the stereotype reply to the oft-repeated exhortation.

The driver was right. It is true that the clacking of his whip had the effect of causing the horses to raise their heads and appear as if about to make a greater effort, but they got no further than the mere attempt. As if answering in the negative, they shook their heads, let them fall again, and then relapsed into their old snail's pace. The gentleman's head would then be drawn back, with an oath, into the carriage, and its owner would continue to rail inside, while a woman's voice was also heard from time to time. But all this did not make the coach go quicker. After a continuance of hot, dry weather, such as there had been uninterruptedly for weeks previous at the period to which we are referring, the sandy tracks of heath were very bad for travelling; they were the terror of coachmen and horses. It is true that the clouds had gathered on the horizon and threatened a storm; yet the following day had been accompanied by, if possible, still greater heat than the day before. At last—at last—the wood opened, and a village appeared in sight. As a matter of course, everything in it was buried in the deepest sleep. Only a dog, disturbed in his dream by the rattling of the carriage over the rugged stones, began barking, and a dozen of his comrades joined in furiously. The moonbeams fell full upon the little village street, and the driver's practised eye soon discovered the thin pole stretching from the thatched roof of one of the houses like a gallows, and bearing at its free end the picture of some undefinable primeval monstrosity. That must be it, "The Pitcher," to wit, the inn where the horses of which the gentleman had spoken were waiting. But here, too, all was buried in the deepest sleep. The Coachman smacked his whip loudly in the air, but no one stirred. The carriage stopped, and the gentleman, jumping out, looked with astonishment at the house, the monstrosity at the end of the pole, and the Coachman.

"Why, what can this mean?" he asked at length, evidently in a state of thorough perplexity.

"Don't know, but will soon find out," grunted the Coachman, getting down clumsily from the box. He now began knocking violently at the door with his fists, and, when this proved of no avail, commenced kicking against it with the heels of his heavy boots.

"What's the matter, Baptist?" enquired the female voice from the carriage.

"God knows, Gerty! But there is nothing to be seen either of Mademoiselle Clarichon or of fresh horses."

"*Mon Dieu*, how terrible!" replied the voice.

Meanwhile the Jehu's indefatigable exertions on the door had at length some effect; shuffling steps were audible, and a bolt was shot back inside. The door opened and the form of the Landlord, with the inevitable sheepskin flung over his primitive toilet, stepped forth into the moonlight. He gazed in stupid astonishment at the gentleman and the Coachman, who both addressed him simultaneously; but, at all events, he understood neither of them. During this time the Lady, also, had scrambled out of the carriage and joined the other persons. She was thickly wrapped in a travelling cloak, and wore twisted round her head a black veil, which served as a frame to a small, pale face. It was easy to

perceive in the bright moonshine that the face had passed the first bloom of youth and was not exactly handsome, but the features, and the large speaking black eyes, indicated considerable intelligence. The Lady began taking an active share in the conversation, but her intervention did not mend matters. The travellers were soon convinced that there were no fresh horses any more than a Mademoiselle Clarichon.

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens! what is to be done—what does all this mean?" sighed the Lady, in the greatest anxiety.

Again did they begin parleying with the Landlord, and, by dint of questioning and cross-questioning that rustic and sleepy individual, got something to the following effect out of him:—About noon the previous day, a young horseman had stopt at the house, and, after asking for something to eat and drink, had made enquiries concerning carriage horses. He struck the Landlord as being a very remarkable individual. By his speech and appearance he might have been taken for a woman rather than one of the male sex, and the Landlord still believed his visitor was a female in disguise. Soon after the stranger, a hussar officer had arrived, and a violent scene had occurred between the two. But the Landlord understood nothing of it, as they spoke a foreign language. The end of the matter, however, was that the Officer took the youth in his arms, and regularly covered him with kisses. The two then refreshed themselves thoroughly and rode off, without saying another word.

"*O, mon Dieu!*" sighed the Lady, with blank despair painted in her countenance, "All is lost; Clarichon has betrayed us!"

"As yet nothing is lost!" cried her companion, with awakening energy. "Coachman, we must make an effort. We must go on at once with the same horses."

"Can't be done! can't be done, sir! Just look at the poor brutes."

"I'm no use talking, Coachman. We must go on at all risks. We will pay double. The frontier cannot be far off now."

"No, that it isn't," grumbled the Coachman, for whom the double pay was a terribly powerful bait. "We'll see what we can do; but it's more than the poor brutes can stand. Well—I'm contented. Here we go, then."

The travellers again climbed into the carriage and the Coachman on to his box, and the lumbering conveyance jolted noisily off, accompanied by the furious baying of all the dogs in the village. Shaking his head, the Landlord gazed after it. He did not grumble, however; with a contented smile he pocketed the gold piece which glistened in his hand. The door was closed, and the bolt noisily shot forward. But the good man was not destined to find rest. He had not finished answering the questions of the stout partner of his married bliss in the gigantic tent bedstead, a recent remarkable incident of the night, before someone again thundered violently at the house door. What an idea! Was there another piece of gold to be earned? Far more quickly than on the first occasion the Landlord went down and opened the door. But, this time, to his no small alarm, a detachment of Prussian dragoons was waiting in the street, and their commander, with military brevity, inquired in a peremptory voice about the vehicle which had started scarcely a quarter of an hour before. The Landlord, urged thereto by fright, gave the required information as curtly and concisely, and the troopers spurred after the carriage. Of course there was nothing in the shape of a gold piece.

The carriage, after leaving the village, had not penetrated far into the wood ere the horses manifested the greatest desire to fall once more into their old snail's pace.

"For Heaven's sake, Coachman, get on, get on! Shall we not soon be at the frontier?"

"We are not there yet," replied the Coachman from his box. But, in expectation of double pay, that worthy individual really tried to urge his nags, who were thoroughly tired out, into a quicker pace. "You see yonder eminence—directly behind it, is the frontier-post."

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens!" sighed the Lady aloud; "help us, or we are lost."

And lost they were. They had only got half up the eminence mentioned ere they heard behind them a jingle and rattling with which their ears were but too familiar, while immediately afterwards there resounded through the silent forest the terrible order:

"Stop, in the King's name!"

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.



At these dread words the Coachman mechanically pulled in his reins, and the nags were only too ready to stop. The next moment the troopers clattered up. A glance into the carriage convinced the Officer he had found the right persons, and come in the nick of time. A little later and the fugitives he was pursuing would have been in safety on the other side of the frontier.

"I am sincerely sorry, Madame," began the leader of the detachment, "that I have unavoidably for the second time the honour of taking your carriage under my care. This time, however, you must go, not to the Operahouse, but"—and here he stopped short.

"Do not hesitate; pronounce the terrible word!" answered the Lady firmly, seeing that escape was no longer possible. "We are to go direct to—Spandau."

Despite the Lady's apparent firmness, her pale lips quivered as she pronounced the terrible word.

"No, not exactly," replied the Officer with a consoling smile; "for the present we are only going back direct to Berlin. It is true that his Majesty is extremely indignant; that I cannot deny."

"Aye, I can very well believe it," interposed the Lady's companion; and it was undecided whether scorn or courage predominated in the tone of his voice.

"You have to be silent," observed the Officer harshly. "I have orders, at the slightest resistance, to put Monsieur Mara on horseback, and have him at least transported between two troopers to Spandau. As for Madame Mara, the purport of my orders is different."

"Act according to your orders, sir," the Lady replied almost inaudibly. "I answer for my husband." And, covering her face with both hands, she sank down sobbing upon the cushions. Her resolution had deserted her.

"Right about, Coachman; in the village we will procure fresh horses. Yours seem to have had enough of it."

"Humph," grumbled the Coachman to himself, as he obeyed the order, "I wonder where my double pay is!"

It was indeed Mdme Mara, Frederick the Great's celebrated singer, who, in the middle of the night and in the depths of the forest close to the frontier of Saxony, had been arrested as a runaway by Royal Prussian dragoons, in the name of the King of Prussia, and conveyed back to Berlin. It was Mdme Mara, the first German operatic singer, who, as a young girl, as Gertrude Schmahling, had entered on, and emerged victorious from, the struggle against the monocracy of Italian vocalists. The favourite of Frederick the Great, the idol of the Berlin public, had fled secretly from Berlin, and been apprehended as a deserter close to the frontier by dragoons. The King's anger might have terrible consequences. Yes, she had, indeed, good reasons for sinking down in mental prostration on the hard cushions of the carriage, for she was only too familiar with the anger-flashing eyes of her sovereign. And it was to meet those eyes, before which she trembled in the inmost recesses of her heart, that she was now being conveyed, without the power of resistance or delay. How different, however, things might have been! From the hut of poverty she had ascended to the sunny heights of fame. She was the renowned artist, the great singer cherished by princes and by their peoples; yet, at that moment, how did she yearn for the joyless obscurity of her youth, which now, despite all its bitterness, floated almost like past happiness before her mind's eye. Let us plunge with her into the reminiscences of her romance-like life.

(To be continued.)

#### Juube.

He must send the *cliché*, which should be taken on a plate (plaque) about 8½ inches high by 6 inches broad, for a publication similar to *La Galerie Contemporaine*.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

LISZT and Wagner have been staying together at Weimar, consulting, it is believed, about the fittest means of producing in public the now nearly completed opera, *Parcival*, latest composition of the author of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

#### Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival Play.\*

(Continued from page 545.)

Wherein chiefly lies for so many hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repulsiveness, of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only slight with Wagner. He is a very skillful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic, in which his reckless sort of counterpoint and modulation mocks at all laws of Art. The inexplicable tone combinations which one meets in him have an inexplicable effect upon the laity, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new is the unartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless grouping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of altered (*i.e.*, augmented and diminished) chords. The great masters of the past purposely employed their effects always sparingly; hence the extraordinary effect which they produce even when often heard. Wagner, heaping effect upon effect, appears here too as a spend-thrift; but the consequence of these perpetual stimulants is a speedy satiety which sets in against his music, and a rapid wearing out of even the most brilliant combinations.

But even more than all these sickly symptoms of his compositions, the lack of melody in his operas will always stand in the way of their popularity. Just on that side where an opera composer ought to have superabundance, with him we find the most striking poverty and impotence. Do not speak to us of the sporadic melodies into which he now and then exceptionally goes astray. To be sure, we find such, but, for the wide compass and the pretentious nature of his operas, far too few. Wagner who gives with full hands what he does possess, would not be a miser in melody, if there were really melodic treasures in his possession. And then, divest his melodies of their harmonic and melodic accessories—and what remains? Allusions to what is well known, nothing conspicuous for originality or grace. Wagner, who constantly appeals to Schopenhauer, is unfaithful to his teachings, the moment he has to do with melody; for this wise man says:—

"In the compositions of the present time more regard is paid to harmony than melody; but I hold to the opposite view, and regard melody as the art of the music, to which harmony bears the relation of sauce to roast meat."

And about the Opera especially he has these very remarkable words:—

"It ought never to forsake its subordinate place, to make itself the principal affair and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and sheer perversion. At bottom it is but the product of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening the aesthetic enjoyment by the accumulation of means, by the simultaneousness of wholly different impressions, and by the strengthening of effect through the multiplication of the operating masses and forces; whereas music, as the mightiest of all arts, by itself alone, can completely fill the soul that is susceptible. But instead of this, during such extremely complicated opera music, the mind is importuned at the same time through the eye, by means of the most motley pageantry, fantastical images, and the liveliest impressions of light and colour; with which the fable of the piece has most to do. By all this the mind is drawn away, distracted, stunned, and rendered by no means susceptible to the holy, mysterious, interior language of tones. It all works directly counter to the attainment of the musical end."

Wagner's efforts to renew the life of Opera in subject matter and in form, are highly meritorious. Hitherto a single means of expression (music) has been made too much the end, while the end of expression (the action) has been made the means. Yet the

\* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

relation of the two does not admit of being precisely reversed, unless the musical Art is to renounce all it has achieved for centuries and grant only a very subordinate position to what has always borne the burthen of dramatic music, the human voice. Poetry and Music, essentially hostile rather than friendly, can only work together to the same end through mutual concessions. Had Wagner as much melodic invention as he has dramatic fire and intellectual reflection, he would never have thought of the Music Drama—essentially a monstrosity—but would have contented himself with bringing what is a hybrid in its very nature nearer to all possible perfection. As we have just spoken of Schopenhauer, we may mention an interesting anecdote we lately read. A gentleman from Zurich, a zealous admirer of the great thinker, paid him a visit at Frankfurt-on-Maine. As he took his leave, the philosopher said to him: "A certain Wagner in Zurich keeps sending me his writings. Please tell him he had better spare me; he understands nothing of music."

We have spoken repeatedly of the poetic form in which Wagner clothes his poems, and have shown how no other measure offers greater and more whimsical difficulties for musical treatment than the so-called *Stabreim* (alliterative rhyme). Granting that the poet knows how to fit together his alliterations often very poetically and with graceful ease, and not taking into account the senseless un-German passages, which unfortunately occur in almost every Opera poem, every page of the *Nibelungen* text affords proofs that knotty, twisted and uneven passages, scarcely intelligible even to the reader, offer almost insuperable difficulties not only to the composer, who through the never changing movement of the verses is doomed to endless rhythmical monotony, but also to the singer. Nothing shows more clearly the wide departure which Wagner has taken from song music proper, than this tendency to the old alliterative rhyme, whose centre of gravity consists mainly in an arbitrary play with syllables and words, vowels and consonants, entirely worthless for a text for singing. While the Italian poets and the best German librettists have constantly endeavoured to furnish the singer with soft, euphonic sentences, rich in vowel sounds, so as to make his task more easy, here is required the enunciation of a text, which sticks already in the reader's throat, and which, apart from its general unintelligibility, is also musically fatiguing, because it admits of scarcely any but three-fold rhythms.

(To be continued.)

## THE MUSICAL PITCH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Absence and domestic engagements have delayed my reply to Mr. A. J. Ellis's letter of July 14. If he will read mine again, he will find that the first three-quarters of a column of his reply was quite unnecessary, because my charge was not that he advocated "equal temperament," but that he entirely misconceived the meaning of those words. Equal semitones are not intended. As there never were six equal tones in an octave, so there never can be "twelve equal semitones." Mr. Alexander J. Ellis kindly reads papers to the Royal Society and other societies on the science of music, although his numerous engagements have hitherto precluded him from acquiring a knowledge of the ratios of the semitones of a scale.

In the paper which he last contributed to the Society of Arts, although the subject was "On the Measurement and Settlement (?) of Musical Pitch," he diverged to inform the Society that "The piano-forte shows us an octave divided sensibly into twelve equal parts, called equal semitones." All had before been taught that diatonic and chromatic semitones were not alike. I had noticed so many elementary mistakes in the writings of this gentleman that, while answering upon the main subject of his paper, musical pitch, I could not refrain from informing him that there are no two equal semitones in an octave. In his reply he admits that he had not learnt those "small intervals," but attributes that trifling deficiency in his musical education to the late Prof. Donaldson, of the University of Edinburgh, whose lectures upon musical science he attended between November, 1856, and April, 1857. Mr. Ellis's account is, that Prof. Donaldson "never proceeded above the sixteenth harmonic, and hence did not get into the small intervals, 16 to 17, 17 to 18, 18 to 19, and 19 to 20, which Mr. Chappell calls semitones." As the lectures were given twenty years ago, and Mr. Ellis has been exercising great self-restraint for that long period, he must now be overcome with anxiety to know what is a semitone in music. It would be un-

fair to keep so actively employed a penman longer in suspense; but I must remind him that the late Professor cannot but have taught him, although the remarkable pupil did not learn. I introduced the name of Professor Donaldson, because I had known him, and had an opportunity of hearing him epitomise the subjects of his lectures at his own breakfast-table. Moreover, my recollections are confirmed by excellent authority. It was quite unnecessary that Prof. Donaldson should have carried practical illustration "above the sixteenth harmonic," because he gave his pupils the rule for dividing tones into semitones, as well as into smaller intervals. Mr. Ellis speaks with great contempt of his deceased master; therefore, permit me to show which of the two was in fault.

Mr. Ellis admits having been taught up to 16, necessarily including 8, 9, and 10. Does our fluent writer contend that he was not taught, and does not know, that the interval of 8 to 9 is a major tone, and that of 9 to 10 a minor tone? or is it that he was not taught, and has not yet learned, how to divide a simple ratio? Mr. Ellis may choose his alternative. Donaldson told him to double the 8 and 9, and the intermediate number, 17, was the semitone; hence the 16 to 17 and 17 to 18. In the same way the minor tone gives 18 to 19, and 19 to 20. All the numbers are multiples of the vibrations of No. 1. If Mr. Ellis had ever read any book upon the subject, it would have taught him the same; or he might have learned it without book, from the harmonic scale, which includes every degree of consonance, and is therefore the one authority for music. Mr. Ellis informs us that he is "now perfectly familiar" with the above-named intervals, "thanks to Appun's tonometer." I congratulate him, and hope that his ears have at length convinced him that they are not equal, as he said they were before the Society of Arts. "As Helmholtz did not publish the first edition of his work till 1862," says Mr. Ellis, "Prof. Donaldson was of course profoundly ignorant of the elementary science of music." Which of the two, Donaldson or Ellis, was or is the "profoundly ignorant" one may now be left to the judgment of the reader. It is certainly rather cool that Mr. Ellis should sweepingly condemn all who died before 1862 as ignorant—he not having read any of their works, or being no whit the wiser from their perusal. Among the "of course profoundly ignorant" of Mr. Ellis is the late Sir Charles Wheatstone, who cut away the base from Helmholtz's theories by anticipation forty years ago. In one of his earlier lectures, Wheatstone showed that a two-octave scale could be sounded from a tuning fork by sliding the piston in a resonating tube up and down. I have one of his resonating tubes, and can prove it still. Helmholtz mistook the sounds of resonators to be primary instead of secondary causes—to fortify the ear, instead of to deceive it. It is unnecessary to say how many men superior to Mr. Ellis in knowledge of the subject are now convinced that Wheatstone was right. No counter-proof has been, or is likely to be, attempted. One passage in my letter has bewildered Mr. Ellis. It is the following:—"It is impossible to consider Mr. Ellis's proposals for tempering the musical scale as at all happy. He would have certain numbers of vibrations and fractions of vibrations, which, added together, shall equal the two to one of the octave. But the calculations are purely geometrical, without consideration for the consonance of the intermediate intervals, and he has fallen into this error by a thorough misconception of the nature of a musical scale." To all this I adhere; but I was wrong in adding that "Mr. Ellis selected 24 to 25 for the model semitone in a recent communication." Twelve equal semitones in an octave are impossible, geometrically or musically; and I ascribed the proposal to take a *real* semitone in the centre of the octave to the wrong person. Mr. Ellis does not intend semitones of that class. With him a "semitone" is a purely geometrical calculation, which, like much else that he proposes, has no connection with music. "The equal semitone," says Mr. Ellis, "is always stated to be nearly 1.0594, or as I put it in my paper, . . . very nearly  $1\frac{1}{16}$ , which is true within limits that the ear cannot perceive." In music, semitones must diminish in ascent, and any two of the same ratio would be abominable to the ear. As all semitones in a true scale are unequal, equal temperament must leave them unequal. Mr. Ellis thoroughly confounds two opposite branches of science—geometry and music. Decimals are no parts of music, nor are semitones of geometry.

W. CHAPPELL.

### LA DOLOROSA.\*

Silent, tearful, and forsaken,  
Dwells apart a grieving maiden;  
Nothing can, alas! awaken  
On her lips that smile so bright!  
She is like a sunset laden  
With the shadows of the night!

\* Copyright.

For 'tis said that, all believing,  
She was wooed by faithless speeches;  
Now behold, how sad with grieving  
Is that gentle, loving breast!  
All she asks, all she beseeches,  
Is to find in death her rest.

REGINALD BARNETT.

## PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On Saturday night Messrs A. and S. Gatti began their series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, before an audience that crowded not only boxes, dress-circle, and galleries, but, as might have been anticipated, the area before and behind the orchestra. The decorations, by Messrs Dayes and Caney, Mr Gye's well-known "scenic artists," equal any similar display in former years; and among other expedients for neutralising the atmospheric pressure incident to pent-up throngs within a given space, were observed huge blocks of Wenham Lake ice, behind the reserved stalls separated by a barrier from the "shilling pit." These not only afforded refreshing coolness to all within their immediate neighbourhood, but, being lit up with variegated colours, gratified the eye. While, however, the general aspect of the interior is a matter of importance (as are to many visitors the refreshment tables, which, at appropriate or inappropriate moments, attract so many to the rear), of still greater importance is the programme, vocal and instrumental, provided by the Messrs Gatti for their exclusively musical patrons. About this feature of the entertainment anything like disappointment was unlikely, so long-experienced and distinguished a conductor as Signor Arditi being answerable for the result. Signor Arditi has engaged a company of instrumental performers of tried excellence—comprising sixteen first violins (Mr A. Burnett "leader," with Mr Viotti Collins at his side), twelve second violins (Mr Val Nicholson, principal), eight violas (Mr W. H. Hann, principal), nine violoncellos (Mr C. Ould, principal), ten double basses (Mr E. Ould, principal), and the usual complement of "wind," "brass," and percussion—such eminent professors as Messrs Srensden (flute), G. Horton (oboe), Lazarus (clarinet), W. B. Wotton (bassoon), C. Harper and J. W. Standen (horns), H. Reynolds, with three others (cornet and trumpet), W. Webster and T. Harvey (trombones), S. Hughes (ophicleide), Pheasant, Middleditch, Austin, and Orchard (instruments of percussion), and E. Lockwood (harp), representing their several departments, and supported by others quite equal to the task. There are eighty players in all, according to the printed catalogue of names. These, however, in the "Selection" and other special pieces, were reinforced by the fine band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey, which helps to complete the "one hundred performers" announced. The colossal structure representing the orchestra, occupying its customary place between area and stage, and looking as imposing as ever, could hardly be filled by a more thoroughly efficient body of musicians. The hearty and unanimous welcome accorded to Signor Arditi, on taking his place before the conductor's desk, marked the general esteem in which he is held; and the irreproachable execution of Mendelssohn's fiery overture to *Ruy Blas* (which followed the National Anthem) at once satisfied good judges as to the quality of the performers. This was further exemplified in music of quite a different character, by the genuine feeling which characterised the *Larghetto* in F major, from Spohr's Third Symphony (C minor), including that wonderfully expressive theme for violins, &c., on the fourth string, known and admired by connoisseurs. It is a genuine treat, now and then, to hear a specimen of Spohr's too-much-neglected symphonic music; and this *larghetto* is one of the choicest specimens that could have been hit upon. The brilliant overture to Auber's opera, *Marco Spada*, in which the melodious charm of the second theme contrasts so happily with the always busy figure of the *tarantella*, was another ordeal from which Signor Arditi and his followers came forth with well deserved honours.

The remainder of the programme, though "miscellaneous," was distinguished by great variety of interest. The "selection," built upon prominent themes from *Cinq-Mars* (now playing at the Paris Opéra-Comique), was particularly welcome; and Signor Arditi, who has arranged it expressly for these concerts, may claim the credit of having introduced the first notes of M. Gounod's latest opera to an English public, just as some time ago he had introduced, under similar circumstances, the first notes of Verdi's *Aida*. A more effective *potpourri* of its kind could not easily have been contrived. Its performance not only called into requisition the band of the Coldstreams, but also the aid of skilful solo players, whose names in connection with their respective instruments it is unnecessary to recite again. We cannot pretend to offer any opinion about the absolute merits of M. Gounod's most recent effort with such assistance only as is obtained from a series of fragments, however ably put together. Enough that the audience, to judge by the applause, were evidently gratified. A new valse, entitled "Le Tortorelle," by Signor Arditi, lively and tuneful in itself, was given with such spirit by the orchestra, that a repetition was asked for and accorded; while, later on, a still livelier piece, from the same pen, called "The Drummer Boys' Polka," in which eight drummer boys belonging to the Coldstream Guards, headed by a very small drummer in plain clothes, who played with extraordi-

nary vivacity, and was generally believed to be Master Luigi Arditi (a son of the composer), won a similar compliment. Among the singers were Signor Gianini (tenor), and Signor Medica (baritone), both favourably known last year, each of whom was called upon to repeat a solo—that of Signor Medica being "Di Provenza," from *La Traviata*, that of Signor Gianini the barcarolle from the second act of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Mdlle Giuditta Celega (her first appearance) sang "Quando a te liete" (*Faust*), and, though apparently nervous, pleased by a nice quality of voice and an unobtrusive manner. Mdlle Maria Derivis (another new comer), with a fresh soprano voice, already telling, but in need of further cultivation, made a favourable impression in "Ah! fors è lui" (*La Traviata*), and, being called for, returned and sang a French air in the popular Spanish rhythm, assisted by M. Marlois—again the able accompanist wherever the pianoforte is required for vocal solos. In the second part of the concert, Mdlle Derivis essayed the "Valse" from Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, which just now is a little beyond her powers. Nevertheless, this young lady exhibits decided promise, which depends chiefly upon her own assiduous perseverance to fulfil. Yet a third aspirant, Mdlle Lucia Rajmondi, also with a good soprano voice, and who in the first part joined Signor Gianini in a duet from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, winning general approval, and in the second attempted the famous Bolero from the *Vespres Siciliennes*, written by Verdi, more than twenty years ago, expressly for Sophie Cruvelli. This is an arduous piece for one whose experience has not yet ripened, and we should have preferred hearing Mdlle Rajmondi in something less ambitious. How many beautiful and less exacting things are at the immediate command of young and eager vocalists need hardly be insisted on.

The programme of this unusually varied entertainment also included solos for violin, pianoforte, and violoncello. The violinist was that young and graceful artist, Mdlle Pommereul, Belgian by birth, and promising to reflect credit upon the Belgian school, of which Vieuxtemps and Léonard are the acknowledged representatives. Mdlle Pommereul's execution is not only accurate and pure, it is prepossessing in the bargain—because, while playing with all needful expression, she seems wholly and solely absorbed in her music, never venturing upon the slightest evidence of self-assertion. As Mdlle Pommereul advances in years, her tone, already sweet and legitimately musical, will gain in fullness. We confess that we should have preferred hearing her in something of higher pretensions than M. Sarasate's fantasia, an air from *Faust*. Her performance, however, was so much to the taste of the audience (as it was to our own) that not to welcome the "encore," and a repetition of that part of the fantasia which begins from the waltz of the scene of the Kermesse, was out of the question. In short, we expect much—very much—from Mdlle Pommereul. The pianist was Mdlle Jane Debillemont, who, like her fair sister of the fiddle, had previously been heard in London. Mdlle Debillemont, who selected Chopin's Polonaise Brillante for the occasion, has an elastic touch, a full tone, and plays with considerable brilliancy. She was called back at the end of her performance. The violoncellist was M. Antoine Bouman, a musician attached to the service of the King of the Netherlands. Although this gentleman only came forward near the end of the second part, and his choice of a piece was the somewhat monotonous "Andante and Allegro" of Goltermann (accompanied, not with the orchestra, but on the pianoforte)—by his subdued playing, his legitimate tone and well-balanced phrasing, he entirely won the sympathies of the audience, and was re-called amid well-merited applause. Signor Arditi should on a future occasion allow this clever artist a fairer chance. Even after the violoncello solo there was another "encore," for the *finale* to the third act of Verdi's *Ernani*, in which the solos were allotted to Mdles Rajmondi and Celega, Signors Gianini and Medica, the orchestra taking its accustomed part, strengthened by the band of the Coldstream Guards. The concert ended, characteristically enough, with a "Quick March," during the performance of which the musical section of the audience, fairly tired out—thanks to the repeated exercise of the assumed privilege of "encoring," a privilege which, we have repeatedly urged, cannot be too emphatically set at nought—dispersed as quickly as the measures of the march were redoubled.

On Wednesday night the first part of the concert was exclusively given to what is termed "classical" music. The orchestra played the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *andante* from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and Mozart's delicious E flat symphony (the 47th out of 49!)—a splendid selection. *Bravissimo illustrissimo Ardittissimo!* And all went to perfection. Mdlle Pommereul played Beethoven's Romance in F, on the violin (*encored*), Mdlle Debillemont, the pianist, giving the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (last number of Handel's *Suite* in E major), and a somewhat hackneyed gavotte by J. S. Bach (*encored*). Mdlle Derivis sang "Batti, batti"



(violinello, Mr C. Ould), and Sig. Medica "Non più andrai"—the whole concluding with "See the conqu'ring hero comes," in which the regular orchestra was strengthened by the band of the Coldstreams.

### ADELINA (AIDA) PATTI.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," July, 1846.)

Whatever may be the fate of *Aida* in this country—and a more complete acquaintance with the work by no means disposes us to look upon it as an abiding attraction—the performance at Covent Garden will not, for more than one reason, soon pass from memory. Amateurs will speak of it years hence with the admiration due to a scenic magnificence of the highest order, pleasantly recalling picture after picture—each a work of art, and each the result of an endeavour, earnest if not always perfectly successful, to reproduce in the nineteenth century the life of a well-nigh pre-historic time. But they will speak of the Egyptian opera with equal frequency and greater emphasis because of its connection with one who, taken for all in all, must be regarded as the most accomplished artist upon the lyric stage of our day. We sometimes declaim, not without reason, against the domination of those who merely interpret great thoughts and act as the mouthpiece of genius. We object, naturally, to any exercise of power which subordinates the interests of art to private ends, and we demand that whatever is first in consequence shall be first considered. But while we ask for all this, and are quite right in doing so, it must not be forgotten that the mission of executive talent is both lofty and of vast importance. We may say this with reference to the concert-room, when the interpreter, having received into brain and heart the ideas of the composer, reproduces them instinct with a vitality partly derived from his own inner life. How much more may we say it in view of the lyric stage, where not only are musical thoughts and feelings expressed, but where the individuality to which they belong is created and offered to the judgment of both the senses and the intellect. Hardly inferior to the genius which invents is that which, under such conditions, reproduces; especially when, as sometimes happens, the one with commanding power improves upon and lifts to a higher rank the creation of the other. It is unnecessary to demonstrate this fact. The public, in all stages of artistic development, have practically recognised it, and, indeed, from public indulgence springs the power which artists—men and women—of like passions with ourselves—often exercise under the influence of narrow and selfish, rather than broad and generous, views. Having regard to these considerations, and to the position occupied by Madame Adelina Patti in connection with Signor Verdi's latest work, no apology can be necessary for dwelling, in a special manner, upon the merit of an assumption which, more than anything else, distinguishes the performance of the opera, and entitles it to a place on the tablets of memory.

In a former article we pointed out the fact that Signor Verdi and his librettist work together in striking unanimity for the purpose of keeping all their chief characters in an agony of passion. Their object is certainly attained with *Aida*, who, from first to last, knows no amount of repose, or even of relief from poignant distress caused by laceration of the most sensitive among human feelings. In the first act, *Aida* the slave finds a powerful and jealous rival in Amneris the Princess, while her love for Radames is pitted against that of kin and country. The second act witnesses the outrage of her affection by Amneris, the danger of her father, and the seeming death of all her hopes. Next she is compelled to betray the confidence of her lover by dread of the paternal curse, and lastly, with nothing for which to live, she voluntarily shares a fate her agency has in part entailed. Always, therefore, *Aida* is kept at the utmost stretch of painful emotion, without rest, or more than a doubtful prospect of relief. How much this increases the difficulty of the part must be obvious after a moment's thought. It is not alone that a strain hard to bear is imposed upon the physical powers, but also that the greatest tact and skill are required in order to avoid wearying the audience by monotony of circumstance and expression. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, is charmed by play of light and shade, and by gradation and contrast of colour, whereas in the absence of such things it tires, and is disposed to turn away. Giving due weight to these facts, we can better appreciate the result of Madame Patti's latest impersonation. Her *Aida* nowhere fatigues us, but sustains its interest to the end, though in less able hands the character would be as oppressive as one of those leaden skies which stretch, riftless, from zenith to horizon.

Madame Patti, it is true, cannot transform the character, but she accomplishes a still higher feat; taking the part as given to her, she contrives, by the power of her genius, so to present it that defects of construction are for the time concealed. This result, it should be observed, is not gained by any sacrifice of the original idea. The *Aida* of Madame Patti is the *Aida* of the story up or down to the

severest stretch of passion. Nothing is shirked, but everything is ennobled by a dramatic instinct which, even amid the restraints of the lyric stage, gives the character a perfect command over the springs of our emotion. This general effect is, of course, due to a multitude of details, each deserving consideration. But it will suffice to indicate a few commanding situations wherein Madame Patti most powerfully demonstrates her surpassing gifts. We pass over the soliloquy wherein *Aida* expresses the conflict of her affections in view of the Ethiop war. Here the artist's success arises chiefly from singing which combines the highest vocal skill with profound natural expression; but, later on, when Amneris discovers *Aida*'s love, and threatens vengeance, the dramatic artist comes to the front. It was a happy idea of the librettist to make the poor slave remember, under the taunts of her rival, that she, too, is of Royal rank, and Madame Patti makes the most of it. Her utterance of the words, "Mia rivale—Ebben sia pure—Anch'io—Son tal—" is a splendid outburst of pride and indignation, followed by a contrast which never fails to thrill the house. Shrinking from an avowal of her identity, *Aida* suddenly checks herself, and, falling at the feet of her mistress, exclaims, "Che dissi mai?—pietà! perdono!" Here we have a master-stroke of dramatic art, for in voice, bearing, or facial expression, the transformation is as swift and thorough as fancy can conceive. In the interview of *Aida* with Amonasro, Madame Patti again triumphs by means perfectly natural and highly artistic. For a time the Ethiop maiden resists her father's entreaty, but the extent of her love for him appears when her submission is demanded on pain of a curse. *Aida* yields at the sacrifice of her conscience and at the expense of her affection for Radames, but only after a struggle which Madame Patti makes obvious in all its intensity, and in all its stages up to the point of a terrible decision. The subsequent meeting of *Aida* and her lover, wherein it is her turn to play the part of tempter, and his to yield, exhibits art equally elaborate and perfect, earnestness in this case being accompanied, and its end almost condoned, by an intensity of affection that alone might make the pleader irresistible. Worthy of all that has gone before is the scene in the fatal dungeon, where Madame Patti, by art apparently simple, shows how love can conquer death, and make the victory seem the most natural thing in the world. No more touching display of pathos, powerful but unexaggerated, has been witnessed on the lyric or, for that matter, any other stage. It comes with the climax of the story, and it exemplifies the climax of art.

We have dwelt, all too briefly, upon Madame Patti's embodiment of Verdi's heroine, with no more than a casual glance at her vocal achievements. These, however, will be taken for granted, and need no setting forth. It may be urged that Madame Patti is not less famous for dramatic than musical skill; but, without disputing the assertion, we must insist that in *Aida* she has, as an actress, taken higher rank than ever, and achieved a success which will be remembered when, perhaps, the opera itself is little more than a name.

(From "Punch.")

### MUSICAL EGOTISM.



HERR MAESTRO (with alacrity).—Ach söh! In zat case I vill not bress you. I haf gomböset a zonata in F moll—shall I blay it for you? Yes? (Proceeds to do so.)

### "MISUNDERSTOOD."

OUR FAMILY CHOIR (practising Byrd's madrigal).—"Sweet little ba . . . by—"

GEORGE (our conductor).—Keep your time! One—two—Mind that long B flat on "Baby!"

MAMMA (who had been dozing, with a shriek).—Mercy on us! My child! (Rushes off to the night nursery. Sensation!)

### A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(Herr Pumpernickel, having just played a composition of his own, bursts into tears.)

CHORUS OF FRIENDS.—Oh! what is the matter? What can we do for you?

HERR PUMPERNICKEL.—Ach! nossing! nossing! Bot ven I hear really coot music, zen must I always weep!

## RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

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A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to HERR WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

## Portraits.

No. 8.

*Così fan Tutti!*

STAGYRITE.—C. C. is here. Have you seen him?  
 DIOGENES.—No.  
 STAGYRITE.—How's that?  
 DIOGENES.—He's forgotten his sense of the beautiful (*pinch*).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR GRIPE.—On the contrary. We have the *leaderette* before us, cut from the *Daily Telegraph* of May 26. Here it is:—

"In his letter of Tuesday last our Paris Correspondent noticed the revival, at the Opéra-Comique, of *Cendrillon* with a success as great as that obtained years ago, 'before the artificial talent of contemporary composers had eclipsed the genuine musical genius of former masters.' There are four works in the repertory of lyric drama bearing the name of *Cendrillon*, and founded on the same story—that of *Laruelle*, produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1759; that of *Steibelt*, first played at St Petersburg in 1809; that of *Nicolo Isouard*, the composer of *Joconde*, brought out at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1810; and that of *La Cenerentola* by Rossini, heard first at Rome in 1817. We must conclude that the opera of *Nicolo* is the one referred to by our correspondent; and if so, the fact of its being received with so much favour by the Parisians, stands in marked contrast to the recent failure of *Joconde* amongst ourselves, and points to a reaction against the highly coloured effects of modern art. This is not the first time, however, that *Cendrillon* has been revived in the same theatre. It was played in 1845, with Mesdames Casimir and Darcier, MM. Grignon and St Fay in the cast, Adolphe Adam having first strengthened *Nicolo's* weak orchestra, and even added an air for the *prima donna*. If M. Carvalho has now produced the work as *Nicolo* left it, and that with success, its failure in 1845 may have been due to Adam's temerity in adapting the naïve favourite of one generation to the more vulgar taste of another."

Dr Gripe is perpetually confounding one French composer, before and during the period of Isouard, with another. It was Boieldieu, not Monsigny, who was alarmed at the success of Isouard; Monsigny, not Dalayrac, composed *Le Déserteur*; and Berton, not Bierrey, wrote *Aline Reine de Golconde*. Dr Gripe's letters are much too lengthy to print in *extenso*; but if he would send us one of reasonable proportions, we might possibly find space; for, errors notwithstanding, Dr Gripe has really something to say—which cannot be admitted of all our would-be correspondents.

SICUT VELUM.—We are at a loss to explain whence the original paragraph emanated. It had a sort of fountain-head odour about it.

## DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at 27, Lorne Gardens, Hanover Gate, SELINA, the wife of Adolphe Pollitzer. Friends please accept this intimation.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

## More Blackmailing.

OUR English musical critics are sad dogs. They either get a percentage on the percentage of the agents of *prime donne*, or they obtain it direct from the *prime donne* themselves. In either case they are sad dogs. Richard Wagner insinuated as much, so far back as 1855; and the charge has been reiterated over and over again. Only just now, a new *prima donna* has suffered materially because she declined to fee an agent, who was thus disabled from paying a critic—or critics—who helped that agent in his transactions. We pity the new *prima donna* for giving credit to such stupid nonsense, more especially as she has those about her who know better, and ought, as people of experience, honesty, and good faith, to have taught her better.

Our last experience of the conviction entertained among foreign artists, that the English critics are a set of unprincipled scoundrels, is in a letter addressed to the editor of a paper called *The Adrian Times*. We never heard of *The Adrian Times* before; but we have an idea that there is some such place as Adrian in Michigan (U.S.). Next week we shall print this letter, and the sensible comment on it



made by the *New York Music Trade Review*, in their entirety. Mad. Florence Ricca Knox, who, on the 16th of April, made her *début*, in the *Favorita*, at the Royal Italian Opera, is the authoress. At present we only quote one passage:—

"I knew that the critics were there in full force, to tear me to pieces, first of all because I was an American (!) and a 'débutante,' and because the favour and praise of the English press had not been bought up. That species of blackmail is carried on here as elsewhere, I find, much to my sorrow."

We shall not comment upon this infamous calumny just now, but merely beg to call the attention of Mdme Florence Ricca Knox to the fact that Miss Kellogg, also an American, received in this country the cordial welcome due to her exceptional ability. And Mdme Albani?

If there was something like an *esprit de corps* among English critics, such grossly insulting libels to their disparagement would be impossible. But, unhappily, there is nothing of the kind; and of this artists, and occasionally managers, have endeavoured to make capital. A remarkable instance of this has occurred lately, into the particular details of which, however much against our inclination, we may be forced to enter.

Quid pro Quo.



RIFINGTON PIPE.  
(H... k.)

SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.  
(T... t.)

A SHORT time since, Herr Tappert\* indited an attack in the *Musik-Wochenblatt* against Dr. Hanslick, with reference to Herr Wagner's now familiar "Letters to a Dressmaker." In an article on the Salzburg Musical Festival, Dr. Hanslick incidentally puffs out his assailant as follows:—

"But these chiefs of Associations have recently been fearfully enraged about the Dressmaker-Letters published by Spitzer in the

*Neue freie Presse*, in which letters 'the martyr and re-awakener of the German nation' draws his own portrait, with such sweet details, in pretty little white satin trowsers and a pink silk dressing gown. I perfectly understand these gentlemen's anger at such wonderfully curious revelations—but I fail to understand the impudence of calling to account one who has nothing at all to do with them—viz., myself. A Berlin teacher of the piano, Herr Tappert, affirms in the leading organ of the Wagnerian Inquisition that without my consent Herr Spitzer would not have been allowed to write these feuilletons. The editor of this paper will readily testify that I had not the slightest knowledge of the letters to 'Dear Miss Bertha' previous to their publication, and that—far from Vienna—I read them in the *Neue freie Presse* with as much astonishment as anyone else. But Herr Tappert is not content with merely inventing this flippant charge. Supposing, probably, that the 'Master' would feel better pleased that I should be sacrificed on the altar of the Future instead of Herr Spitzer, he let loose upon me all the scorn excited in him through 'dear Bertha.' He states that my opposition to the Music of the Future springs from a purely personal grudge, because, in May, 1861 (!), Wagner 'greeted me curtly, as he would have greeted a person utterly unknown to him.' No one in Vienna ventured, we are told, to revive *Tristan*, which had been laid aside because 'Herr R.' (Raymond?), 'the Hofrath, and the Imperial Chief Chamberlain were afraid' of me. But after Wagner adopted at an evening party a more friendly tone towards me, I met him, it is stated, with tears and sobs, and painfully avowed that I was misjudged by him. (How anything in my Wagner criticisms can be misjudged or misunderstood is certainly unintelligible.) Hereupon Wagner promised me 'his unconditional participation in my subsequent efforts' and—an order for the resumption of *Tristan und Isolde* at the Imperial Operahouse immediately followed! Such is the miserable old women's twaddle, bearing on each word the stamp of untruthfulness or impossibility, dished up for his Wagner Associations by Herr Tappert—who, by the way, is a perfect stranger to me—in order that he may be revenged—on Herr Spitzer and the *Neue freie Presse*. But let us get rid of this drivel which the black companions of the pink silk master squirt as far as these peaceful mountains. Let us bathe in the purifying spring of eternal beauty and music, clear as crystal, such as Mozart gives us!"

It is understood that Herr Rappert\* is preparing an elaborate rejoinder to this spicy onslaught. D. P.

#### THE BARKER FUND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The result of the appeal made on behalf of Mr Barker, the inventor of the pneumatic action, having fallen somewhat short of the anticipations of the committee, they have determined to make a final effort to obtain additional funds before closing the list of subscriptions.

The committee feel sure that there are many musicians, both professional and amateur, who would gladly contribute towards this object, and that the absence of their names from the present list can only arise from want of knowledge of the urgency of the case. The committee venture, therefore, earnestly to press upon such of your readers as are interested in organ matters the desirability of their assisting as speedily as possible in efforts to procure a small annuity for this most deserving artist.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, F. Davison, Esq., 24, Fitzroy Square, N.W.

(Signed), J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., F. DAVISON, Hon. Treas., HY. SMART, J. STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc., E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Sec. Coll. Org., GEO. CARR, Hon. Sec. (Sub-Committee Barker Fund.)

#### MR JOHN SIMON.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at a recent meeting of the committee of the Simon Testimonial Fund, it is determined that the funds subscribed shall be spent in a bust of that gentleman, which will be placed in the hall of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr Robert Lowe, who had presided at the meeting referred to, observed that there were no more valuable contributions

\* Or "Tapper."

\* Or "Rapper."

to medical literature than the Reports Mr Simon had sent out to lighten the work of the medical profession. At the present moment he believed the value of those Reports was underestimated, but at some future time they would be properly regarded, and the nature and importance of their author's services more publicly acknowledged. It has been arranged that a small copy of the statue shall be presented to each subscriber of two guineas and upwards. Donations will be received by the honorary secretary, at 1, Adam Street, Adelphi; or at the bank of Messrs Robarts, Lubbock & Co., Lombard Street.

#### MDLLE TIETJENS.

The secretaries of the Leeds Musical Festival have received the following letter:—

"*Her Majesty's Theatre, London, August 11th, 1877.*

"DEAR SIRS,—I am very sorry to say that Mdlle Tietjens is not making the progress we had all wished. Her medical attendant, Dr Spencer Wells, up to last Saturday gave me full assurance that her services were to be relied upon. During the last three or four days, however, she has become much weaker, and feels she will be unable to undertake the engagement. She, therefore, desires me to write to you to request you will remove her name from the programme. I need scarcely say it causes her great sorrow in having to abandon all idea of singing, although she desires me to add, should any change take place for the better (as you have still six weeks before the Festival takes place), she would only be too delighted to be of any service to you.—I remain yours faithfully,

"J. H. MAPLESON.

"P.S.—On inquiry this morning, I have received the enclosed telegram from her medical attendant at Worthing, which I send for your information:—

"*'Mdlle has passed a restless night, but is not in absolute pain. Has had no sickness. This morning she feels very weak.'*"

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE TIETJENS.—We regret to say that the health of Mdlle Tietjens has undergone no improvement. On Tuesday, at Worthing, she had to submit to another operation, which has left her naturally in a state of great exhaustion.—*Times, Aug. 11.*

THOUGH he himself commenced as an infant phenomenon, Mozart showed a marked dislike for the performances of immature artists. On one occasion a precocious boy played the piano to him. The great composer listened, but not without exhibiting, from time to time, signs of impatience. At length he said to the young virtuoso: "You are not without talent. Work, and you will obtain a high position."—"Ah! I should so like to compose!" exclaimed the boy. "Tell me, please, how I ought to set about it."—"In the first place, you must learn a great deal more and grow a little older. It will be time enough to begin composing when you have done that."—"But you composed when you were only thirteen," observed the boy.—"That is true," replied Mozart, smiling. "But then I did not ask anyone how I ought to begin."

A SHORT time since an individual requested an interview with the manager of the Grand Opera, Paris. On being admitted, he said: "Sir, I am a professor of living languages. I speak English, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Wallachian, Roumanian, Turkish, Slavonic, Arabic, Swedish, Norwegian, and a little Chinese. I am completing my course of the last language. Here are the certificates given me by the professors of the Collège de France, and certifying that I am no impostor. Despite all I know, however, I am starving. You can save me. Engage me at your theatre as interpreter. People from all parts of the globe come to see M. Garnier's new house. You have frequently a difficulty in understanding foreigners in your box-office and at the pay-places. Accept my services, and all this will be avoided." M. Halanzier at once engaged his visitor.

WHEN directing recently his concerts at the Albert Hall, Wagner took a strange delight in getting up conversations with those near him. At the last concert, during a by no means easy piece from *Tristan und Isolde*, he chose as the recipient of his utterances Herr Tombo, the harpist from Munich. But that gentleman did not appear particularly inclined to reply. At length, in answer to an oft repeated question of Wagner's, he rose and said: *Seven—*

please do not talk to me—*eight*—for I cannot reply—*nine*—I've seventeen bars' rest—*ten*—or I shall mull the whole thing." Hereupon Wagner made a low bow, and counted the remainder of the eventful seventeen bars with his neighbour. The upshot was that Herr Tombo got triumphantly over the seventeen bars' rest, and Wagner gave him a friendly shake of the hand.

THE oldest of existing Conservatories of Music is the School at Palermo, founded in 1747. Then come in the order of their respective dates: The Conservatory of Paris, 1795; the Liceo di Bologna, 1798; the Conservatories of Naples, 1806; of Milan, 1808; of Prague, 1810; of Parma, 1825; of Madrid, 1831; of Brussels, 1832; of Leipzig, 1843; of Berlin, 1850; of Cologne, 1850; the Musical Institute of Florence, established in 1860, and opened in 1862; the Conservatories of St Petersburg, 1862; and of Moscow, 1866. More recently founded were the Conservatories or Schools of Music at Vienna, Warsaw, Buenos Ayres, and the Liceo Marcello, at Venice.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI.—Having, through her agent, Sig. Franchi, paid M. Léon Escudier the "dédit" of 100,000 francs, as agreed upon should she be disabled from fulfilling her engagement with that impresario, it seems evident that she will not appear during the forthcoming season at the Théâtre-Ventador. On the other hand, should circumstances be modified, she can only sing at the Italian Opera; so that, in any case, M. Escudier may congratulate himself on having made an excellent bargain. According to the generally well-informed *Ménestrel* (which is at variance with *Galignani*), Mad. Patti, for the present, abandons the idea of visiting the United States. There is, in other quarters, some talk of a winter series of performances in the principal Scandinavian towns, to precede those for which she has already stipulated in the Austrian capital. One thing is, however, certain—that she will be one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera next year.—*Graphic.*

AMONG recent deaths announced by foreign journals are those of Mad. Montessu (Asnière), one of the most famous operatic dancers when "ballet of action" was in its prime, and the original of Hérold's *Sonnambule*; Auguste Pilate (Hospital St Louis, Paris), for many years *chef-d'orchestre* at the Porte Saint-Martin, a composer of some distinction, who assisted M. Flotow in his four-act opera, the *Naufrage de la Méduse*, and, in 1837, wrote music to the *King of the Danube*, for our London Adelphi; Warot, father of the well-known Belgian tenor of that name (Bois des Colombes), composer, conductor, actor, and singer in one, whose works comprise examples of every style, instrumental as well as vocal; and Giuseppe-Maria Luzzi (Naples), for many years impresario of the San Carlino, a theatre in which the old Neapolitan style of comedy has always found a home.

THE new opera of M. Camille Saint-Saëns, called *Etienne Marcel*, will not be brought out in Paris, as had been expected, but at Lyons, next winter. If we may judge from the impression created by the *Timbale d'Argent*, M. de Saint-Saëns' most recent dramatic work, the Parisians are not greatly to be commiserated. Without a shadow of Wagner's genius, this newly extolled French composer becomes day after day more hopelessly Wagnerian.

CHERUBINO informs his readers, in to-day's *Figaro*, that "Mr Weist Hill has declined the offer made him by Mr Mapleson, to conduct a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre." From the same authority, however, we learn that Mr Weist Hill has consented to direct a series of orchestral concerts which Mdme Viard-Louis intends giving, early next spring, at St James's Hall. Mdme Viard-Louis could not well be in abler or more zealous hands.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Miss Florence Sanders (Mr W. H. Holmes's highly gifted pupil) was pianist at the Alexandra Palace "classical concert" on Friday, Aug. 10. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, selected by the young artist for the occasion, was played in a style which showed the pupil to be worthy a master who has few equals. On Saturday, Aug. 11, Miss Carina Clelland (re-called after "Casta Diva"), Miss Marion Severn, and Mr Sidney were the vocalists. The band, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, played, among other pieces, the Overture to *Guillaume Tell* splendidly. The concert-hall was crowded.

## August—August—August!

(From our Monthly Collector.)

August is remarkable for the following events in connection with music. The 3rd August recalls to mind the death of the Padre Giambattista Martini, Bologna, 1784—the first performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, in 1829, at the Grand Opera, Paris—and the inauguration of the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, in 1778, with Salieri's opera, *Europa riconosciuta*; the 4th, foundation of the National Institute of Paris, in 1795, thanks to the exertions of Sarrette; the 5th, death of Nicola Vaccai, Pesaro, 1848—birth of Ambroise Thomas, at Metz, 1811; the 7th, first performance of three oratorios in one, *Putifar, Giuseppe e Giacobbe*, by Pietro Raimondi, Teatro Argentino, Rome, 1852; the 8th, death of Carl Heinrich Graun, Berlin, 1759; the 10th, death of Hippolyte Monpou, Orleans, 1841—inauguration of the statue of Lesueur, Abbeville, 1832; the 12th, inauguration of the Beethoven Monument, Bonn, 1845—death of Giovanni Gabrieli, Venice, 1613; the 13th, death of Francesco Durante, Naples, 1755—death of Bernard Romberg, Hamburg, 1841—death of Giovanni Battista Ferrari, Venice, 1845; the 16th, birth of Gioachino Selvestro Serrao, Setubal (Portugal), 1801—first performance of Verdi's *Aroldo*, Teatro Nuovo, Rimini, 1857; the 17th, death of Lorenzo da Ponte, melodramatic writer, and author of the books of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, New York, 1838; the 17th, death of Giuseppe Scarlatti, Vienna, 1777; the 18th, death of P. Lichtenthal, Milan, 1853; the 19th, birth of Antonio Salieri, Legnago, 1750—birth of Nicolo Porpora, Naples, 1686; the 20th, first performance of Rossini's *Comte Ory*, at the Théâtre de l'Opera, Paris, 1828; the 21st, death of P. G. Lindpaintner, Nonnenhorn, 1856—inauguration of the Teatro della Canobbiana, Milan, with Salieri's opera, *La Fiera di Venezia*, 1779—death of Emanuele Astorga, Bohemia, 1736—inscription in honour of Rossini placed over the door of the Liceo Musicale, Bologna, and the substitution of his name for that previously borne by the adjacent square, 1864—inauguration of a bronze statue of Rossini, Pesaro, 1864—funeral solemnities in honour of Rossini—execution of Cherubini's *Messa per Defunti*, Pesaro, 1869; the 22nd, death of Luca Marenzio, Rome, 1599; the 24th, death of Claudio Goudimel, Palestrina's master, Lyons, 1572; the 25th, death of Nicola Jommelli, Naples, 1774—first performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Birmingham, 1846; the 27th, death of Josquin Després, Condé, 1521; the 28th, first performance of R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Weimar, 1850—death of Antonio Caldara, Venice, 1763; the 29th, first performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Elk*, Birmingham, 1855—death of Félicien David, Saint-Germain en Laye (near Paris), 1876; the 30th, birth of Bonifazio Asioli, Correggio, 1769—first performance of Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi*, Cremona, 1856; the 31st, death of André Philidor, London, 1795—first performance of F. Liszt's *Messa solenne di Gran*, Gran, 1856.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our Correspondent.)

*Paul et Virginie* has proved a great success. Since its first performance, on July 21st, all the artists have much improved, and all goes well with the "sad tale of our childhood!" *La Favorite*, *Faust*, *Trouvère*, *Robert le Diable*, and the ever adolescent *Fille de Madame Angot*, have also been given at the Salle Monsigny, which has been entirely re-decorated. M. Froment has begun his season well. He has a large troupe of artists and plenty of resources; hence his success.

Boulogne is very attractive this year in the way of amusements. We have some visitors, but not so many as we could put up with; whether this is the result of some badly informed, or malicious correspondents to some English journals, I know not. All I know is that, during the last twelve years, the death rate is lower than at many English watering-places. The drainage question has been a subject of discussion ever since the creation of the town, or since B.C. 55, when Cæsar sailed from Portus Itius, as

he calls the formerly-named Gesoriacus—which, translated from the Celtic, means: "ges," a wood, "or," country, "iach," healthy—in other words, a "healthy wooded country."

I think Cæsar might have drained it then in the same way that the inhabitants drain their visitors now-a-days—or, as Cæsar drained the people of Cornwall—viz., of their tin. But, drains and joking apart, Boulogne must be healthy, or why should so many of those hard-working people, who play to please others, and on whose perfect health "in wind and limb" depends their bread, always frequent Boulogne? I mean that, despite our usual number of general visitors, we have our usual influx of artists—vocal, instrumental, &c.—this year. In fact, at the present time, more than usual.

I may conclude by stating the number of attractions to which I have alluded: Grand Circus Cottrelly, with the usual ring, sawdust, and merry clowns (the latter very good), and the usual vaulting through hoops and *haute école* business, not to mention an ancient elephant, a camel, two antelopes, and dogs. Grand Menagerie, where a M<sup>me</sup> Pezon, who has assumed the management since her late husband departed this natural life in the clutch of a lion, and who, nevertheless, nightly puts her head into the jaws of the same king of the forest.

Last, not least, the Fair; with all the fun of the same, including a very good conjuror, Marcketti, by name; panorama; and some 250 shops, where you can purchase anything you may wish for, even Turkish sweetmeats or Russian leather purses; and games of chance and merry-go-rounds, where you can gamble, or gambol, or grumble, as you wish.

Prospective affairs:—Concert at the Etablissement, on Saturday, 11th, at which M<sup>lle</sup> Boulanger (violinist), M. Nathan (violin-cello), M. Magnus (pianist), and a soprano and tenor from Paris, will appear. Grands Saluts, at St Nicholas, 11th, 12th, 13th. Races on 29th and 30th. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 8th Aug., 1877.

## MRS GEORGE MARCH (VIRGINIA GABRIEL).

In being driven down Grosvenor Place in her Victoria, on Saturday week last, the horse suddenly took fright, bolted, and became perfectly unmanageable until it reached the end of Lower Belgrave Street, where the carriage gave a lurch, which hurled the lady head foremost on to the road. She was at once placed in a cab and conveyed to St George's Hospital, when it was ascertained that her skull was fractured. The unfortunate lady lingered until Tuesday week, Aug. 7th, and then died.

Poor Virginia Gabriel! What a sad, untimely end to have come to at the age of 52, surrounded by all the influences of life that make it enjoyable. Her career must have been a pleasant and happy one—of good birth; a daughter of General Gabriel of H.M.S.; handsome in person; winning and attractive in manner; popular in society; in an influential position of life; with a rare talent for a woman as a musical composer; a fluent vein of melody in her nature. A clever musician, having studied under Molique for Harmony, she had many successes with the numerous songs she composed and published. Although she was independent in worldly means, she derived a large income from royalties on her works. In addition to her smaller efforts she composed two cantatas for voices and orchestra, which were publicly performed and met with success. She will be sadly missed in society, where the halo of her presence always constituted a charm. And thus it is—

"A little sorrow and a little pleasure  
Fate metes us from the dusty measure  
That holds the date of all of us.  
We are born with travail and strong crying,  
And from the birthday to the dying,  
The likeness of our life is thus." H. W. G.

\* Since Cæsar's arrival in Northern Gaul, the wood-cutters must have been busy. The only tree within some miles of Boulogne-sur-Mer is to be seen by curious observers at the Chateau Sainton-Dolby Conteville, formerly (before enlargement) high Chateau Reichardt Conteville.—D. P.

\* And—"O World! O Life! O Time!"—the birth of the poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, in 1792!—D. Peters.



## MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Lyster's Royal English and Opera-Bouffe Company is again at the Prince of Wales's. There is a galaxy of favourites. Mr and Mrs Bracy (Miss Clara Thompson), returned from California, were warmly received at the Operahouse. In addition to these popular artists, Miss Catherine Lewis continues her engagement with Mr Lyster. The "stars" also include Miss Lambert (a young lady of essentially Australian education), Messrs Templeton, Annie Beaumont, and George Leopold. The last-named does the comic business, and always well. Mr Beaumont, the first tenor, has been compared to Mr Sims Reeves; but, perhaps, this has been some of that Australian "blow," which Anthony Trollope has found to be a characteristic of the people of this colony. The pieces so far produced have been *La Fille de Mme Angot*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, *La Pêrhole*, *Maritana*, and *La Grande Duchesse*.\* Since the 4th inst., Mr J. Levey, the cornet player, has been performing twice each evening at the Operahouse. Lazar's Italian Opera Company returned from Adelaide, on the 1st inst., and appeared the next night in a concert at the Melbourne Town Hall. On the 2nd inst. the company appeared in *Il Trovatore*. The same evening they left for Sydney. Mrs Howitz, a young lady who has created a favourable impression in the concert-room, is announced to make her *début* shortly in opera as *Maritana*. Simonsen's English Opera Company are now performing at St George's Hall, and have already produced *Martha*, *Satanella*, and (for the first time in Melbourne) *The Hermit's Bell*. J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, 11th June, 1877.

## LETTERS FROM BAYREUTH.†

(From the "Sunday Times.")

The Wagner Festival is over, but still there are more Wagner concerts to come: the Wagner sensation has subsided, and yet Wagner is all the talk of the town; we live, so to speak, in a Wagnerian atmosphere (no allusion to the biting East winds intended), and acknowledge the sway of the despot of Bayreuth. The man who fails to comprehend the dire significance of the "Purely Human" writes himself down an ass; as does he likewise who professes ignorance of the "homogeneity of the lyric drama," the relation of *leit motives* to the Art-work of the Future, or the bearings of the ancient myth upon Stage-Festival-Plays. It is the fashion to affect Wagnerism, and not to know something about "the man, don't you know, who writes music without any tune—but awfully quite too jolly, give you my word!" would be voted the most possible "form" by our gilded youth. In fact, a gigantic bubble has been blown, and all the world gapes at it, as it shines in the unexpected light of popularity, and thus will they gaze and admire until it bursts and disappears from sight. Meanwhile, those who would keep pace with the times, and would know something of the matter, could do no better than to dip into the pages of Mr Joseph Bennett's *Letters from Bayreuth*, contributed last year to the columns of a daily contemporary, and now published in a collated form by Messrs Novello & Co. Here is a close and concise history of the whole of the *Nibelungen Ring* business, from the evolution of the theory from the Prophet's "inner consciousness" to its practical presentation at Bayreuth during the Festival; and it is a matter for congratulation that these records have been preserved, for, although the author is most modest in his pretensions, and albeit these letters were penned in the hot haste demanded by modern journalism, they contain most valuable criticism, searching analysis, and a grasp of subject such as are to be found in very few contemporary writings. Apart from the critical faculty possessed in so eminent a degree by Mr Bennett, and which is so ably displayed in these essays, the *Letters from Bayreuth* have an additional value from being written in terse, healthy, vigorous English, marked here and there by a subtle touch of humour of the keenest description. Eminently readable as these pages are, it must not be inferred that they belong to that class of light literature which

dallies with a subject in the bright but ephemeral manner often mistaken for criticism. Mr Bennett's work has a higher mission to fulfil, and is in the main a serious and thoughtful disquisition upon the vexed subject of Wagner's theories and their method of tangible presentation. Permitting himself to be biassed by no extraneous influence, such as a love for formulated music, a taste for opera as at present known, or a leaning towards the delightful art of the vocalist, the author gives both theory and practice the benefit of an impartial judgment, admitting readily the salient features of the new doctrine, but dealing unhesitatingly with its shortcomings. English writers have of late given us so little in the way of exhaustive criticism, that Mr Bennett's book will be all the more welcome; under any circumstances, however, a very high place amongst artistic efforts would be justly its due. In his preface he states that the letters, written from day to day during the performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, have not been retouched, "and are, therefore, a statement of first impressions which, however erroneous, may at least claim the merit of genuineness." Notwithstanding this depreciation, there is nothing crude or unformed about the opinions expressed; rather do they appear the result of careful research and close application than the hasty jottings of one who writes, so to speak, against time.

But it is time that we quitted this preamble and took a glance at the book. The introductory letter not only anticipates the Festival and gives some particulars of the manner in which the *Nibelungen Ring* grew from its nucleus, *Siegfried's Tod*, but takes a comprehensive view of the principles which guide the Futurist in his search after highest art. A few extracts will show how Mr Bennett approached his task:—

"First of all it is necessary to clear the ground of a notion that the *Nibelungen* 'stage plays' make any pretensions to be regarded as operas—in other words, that, appertaining to the same class as *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*, they invite judgment as an advance upon those masterpieces. If it can be established that no such pretensions are raised—that, in point of fact, Wagner now brings forward a new thing, to be estimated for itself alone, and not by comparison—a huge difficulty is at once removed, and the question becomes liberated from a great deal of encumbering matter. . . . The result is that, while we are entitled to reject the music-drama if it do not satisfy us, we are debarred from abusing it because it fails to coincide with something else. For my own part I gladly recognise the distinctions Wagner lays down. It enables me to approach the *Nibelungen* dramas as M. Ollivier went into the German war—with a light heart, and to accept them, if I must, without violence to the affection entertained for other things, seeing in the art-work they illustrate an addition to sources of pleasure, not a substitute for any of them."

It must be borne in mind, however, that these words were penned before the occurrence of the Bayreuth Festival. We now pass to the description of the Festival and its surroundings. Of *Das Rheingold* Mr Bennett says:—

"Wagner tells us that the true materials for a national music-drama lie here. If so, I can only marvel that pantomime-writers have been so long unconsciously hovering on the verge of a great discovery."

In the following words are the impressions produced by the music epitomised:—

"We have, in *Rheingold* the continuous flow of formless music, the vocal phrases supposed to grow naturally out of the verse, the characteristic *motivo* associated with each personage, and the rich orchestration that never ceases to pour over the whole a flood of musical colour. Each of these features produces its own result. The formless music streams along the mind, so to speak, without passing into it. Speaking generally, we are not drawn to a consciousness of its presence, since it offers but little of an intelligible character to lay hold of. That it works upon the emotions in harmony with the drama—assuming that such a fantastic story touches us at all—cannot be denied. Wagner's music intensifies the poetic beauty of his dramatic subject when beautiful, and makes its ugliness more pronounced when ugly."

It has been frequently said that Wagner, an unsympathetic and unskillful writer for voices, would do well to abandon them altogether or to relegate them to a task like that of the actors in the old melodramas, whose blood-and-thunder sentiments were "spoken through music." And so, apparently thinks Mr Bennett, who writes as follows about *Die Walküre*:—

"A word for the orchestral writing must be added, because in it

\* A good look-out for art in the Antipodes!—D. D.

† *Letters from Bayreuth, Descriptive and Critical, of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," with an Appendix.* By Joseph Bennett. London: Novello, Ewer and Co.

lay the greatest source of pleasure. So rich and satisfying were the instrumental passages in the scenes where Wagner's theory allowed him to produce beauty that the ear resented the intrusion of the voices as an offence. 'Let the orchestra alone' was the instinctive command to the actors. Need this have been the case? Is the negation of vocal charm a necessity of the system? We truly hope not—of this system or of any other; should it indeed be so, we may expect our stage-musical-drama actors to cultivate Punch's art, and gain in penetrating power what they lack in 'vocal charm.'"

We pass over the details of the plots of the various concomitant plays for the simple reason that we have already been at great pains to relate them fully. Mr Bennett regards *Die Walküre* as superior in merit to *Siegfried*, though he says of the second act of the latter that it is "recognised as a masterpiece of compound art—a grand addition to the world's store of beauty." Without the music serving to express the abounding life of *Siegfried* the drama becomes "wonderfully clever as a piece of musical mosaic, and fertile in resource of expression;" but "no pleasure is given to the listener who cannot find all his interest excited by the verses and incidents with which it is connected." Of *Die Götterdämmerung* our author says:—

"The story of the *Götterdämmerung* is one which Verdi might have set to music, so rapidly do the situations follow each other, so intense is their dramatic interest, and so great are the opportunities for the effects which modern opera loses. By comparison, the earlier sections of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* are merely dialogues with an orchestral accompaniment; whereas here we have a libretto closely approaching the generally accepted model."

*Götterdämmerung*, however, is placed third on the list in point of artistic excellence; *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried* being first and second, and *Rheingold* last. For the masterly manner in which Mr Bennett sums up the case and delivers his judgment thereon, we must refer our readers to the "booklet" itself; there is much agreeable material to repay its perusal, and, if we mistake not, *Letters from Bayreuth*, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were penned, will be sure to be regarded as standard productions. The writer also has something good to say about the town of Hans Sachs, the Birthplace of Mozart, Three Famous Graves (of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert), and A Supper with Wagner.

#### ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The contest between the bands and choirs of schools, under the superintendence of the Local Government Board, took place with great success on Wednesday last. Cornets, with all recent improvements, as well as a euphonium and a trombone (ranging in value from 15 to 12 guineas), were given as band prizes by Messrs F. Besson & Co. and Mr W. Hillyard, and these were supplemented by purses of money offered by the lessees of the Alexandra Palace and the chaplain to the Strand Union Schools, together with a gold-mounted *bâton* to Mr T. Graham, bandmaster of the Milton Schools, Portsmouth, for having sent the greatest number of boys (thirty) into the army and navy since the last competition. The prizes for the school choirs comprised purses of 15 and 10 guineas, presented by Sir Frederic Fitzwygram, Bart., and 5 guineas by the lessees. Eight bands competed. The boys, whose ages vary from 8 to 14, performed successively in the Central Hall, each band playing a quick march of its own selection and a contest-piece, with solos, from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, specially arranged by Mr R. Wheatley, to whom all the arrangements were confided, and who acted as one of the judges. Both the instrumental and choral performances were of real excellence. The competition was very close, and resulted in the award of the following band prizes:—1. Strand Union School, Edmonton. 2. St Pancras School, Levensden. 3. West London District School, Ashford. 4. St Mary's Orphanage, North Hyde, Hounslow. 5. "Exmouth" Training Ship. 6. Milton Schools, Portsmouth. The singing prizes were awarded to the best of the six competing choirs, as follows:—1. St Mary's Orphanage. 2. Milton Schools, Portsmouth. 3. South Metropolitan Schools, Sutton. In presenting the prizes to the band and choirmasters, Sir F. Fitzwygram expressed his gratification at the success of the competition, and his intention to give similar prizes in the next competition.

HALEVY'S *L'Eclair* and Boïeldieu's *La Dame Blanche* are both in preparation for the re-opening of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

#### WAIFS.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI will not sing this year in Paris; nor has any arrangement been concluded about her visit to America. Mr Gye, however, has secured her services for next year at the Royal Italian Opera.

WE regret to learn that Mr Gye, since the closing of the Royal Italian Opera, has been seriously indisposed.

MR H. JARRETT, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has gone for a short holiday to Switzerland.

Sig. Bottesini has been playing at the Politeama, Rome.

Wagner recently paid a visit to the Grand-Duke at Weimar.

Sig. Gayarre made a short stay in Milan after leaving London.

Mad. Ethelka Gerster and her husband, Sig. Gardini, are in Paris.

Mdlle Albani has been stopping at Spa—simply to drink the waters.

The Royal Operahouse, Berlin, will re-open on the 23rd inst. with *Lohengrin*.

Mdlle Heilbron is at Trouville, where she will remain till the end of the month.

Herr Wirsing has retired from the management of the Czech Theatre, Prague.

An opera, *Wanda*, by a Czech composer, M. Dvorzak, has been produced at Prague.

Twenty-nine theatres in Italy are still without managers for the next Carnival season.

The Italian operatic company under Sig. Ferrari has left Buenos Ayres for Rio Janeiro.

Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* will be produced next season at the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg.

Madame Rose Hersee is announced to sing at the Brighton Aquarium Concert to-day.

In 1857, there were only 57 dramatic companies in Italy. At present there are about 100.

M. Leo Delibes has been created a knight, and M. Gounod a commander, of the Legion of Honour.

Flotow, the composer, has disposed of his estate at Reichenau, and now resides at his villa in Mecklenburg.

The Franco-Belgian operatic company, who have been singing at Valparaiso and Santiago, are now at Lima.

Portions of Wagner's *Nibelungen Tetralogical Trilogy* are to be given next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Members of the English colony at St Petersburg have arranged private theatricals for the benefit of the Russian wounded.

Mdlle Marimon will sustain the principal female character in *La Clef d'Or* at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mdlle Salla has seceded.

The duty on pianofortes has been raised to 100 roubles by Russia. The German manufacturers will be the greatest sufferers.

Mr Carl Rosa and his opera company remain in Dublin till the end of next week. We understand they are doing excellent business.

The rehearsals of *Fandango*, the new ballet by MM. Meilhac, Halévy, and Salvayre, commenced at the Grand Opera, Paris, last week.

We are glad to hear that Auber's charming pastoral opera, *Le Philire* is about to be revived in Brussels, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

The Paris Opéra-Comique will re-open with *L'Eclair*. This will be followed by *La Dame Blanche*, for the débuts of M. Engel and Mdlle Ploux.

The net receipts of the late Spohr Festival at Cassel amounted to 2,900 marks. Herr Joachim, in consequence of Mad. Joachim's illness, could not appear.

Herr Lauterbach is slowly recovering from the effects of his accident in the Alps. There are hopes that he may not have to undergo amputation of any kind.

Herr Albert Hahn, editor of the *Tonkust*, has left Berlin and again settled at Königsberg, to resume his duties as teacher of music, while still carrying on his paper.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will re-open early in September with *Les Huguenots*. Miss Minnie Hauk makes her début shortly afterwards in *Faust*.

The revival of Halévy's *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 6th inst., can only be recorded as a *succès d'estime*. A vast deal of money has been wasted on it.

According to report, Sig. Merelli will give M. Ambroise Thomas's *Amleto* and Sig. Boito's *Mefistofele* during the approaching Italian season at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna.

A bust of Chopin, by Mad. Beaumont-Castries, now exhibited in Paris, represents the composer on his death-bed, with closed eyes. The likeness is considered successful.

At the *début* of the great Lablache one of the audience remarked that in future no one ought to be astonished at anything, since they had just heard Heaven's thunder turned into a singing bass.

Sig. Giacomo de Angelo Levi has presented 500 pieces of music to the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, Venice. The collection includes the overtures and symphonies (in score and parts) of Beethoven and Mozart.

Previously to his leaving Munich to enter on his functions as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, the University of the former capital conferred on Herr Wüllner the degree of Doctor, "honoris causa."

Mlle Mahlknecht, formerly *prima donna* of the Leipsic Theatre, and now occupying the same position at Hamburgh, is about to marry Herr Albert Payne, member of the well-known publishing firm in Leipsic.

For the present the idea of holding promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre seems to be in abeyance; but in place of them, we understand, Italian operatic performances at moderate prices are to be instituted. We shall see.

The Woltersdorff-Theater, Berlin, has been taken by Herr Carl Scherbarth, who will open it on the 15th September. His intention is to play old operas, such as *Adler's Horst*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *La Fiancée*, &c. (Why not *Le Philtre*?—D. P.)

M. Ambroise Thomas is busy at Argenteuil, where he has a country seat, putting the finishing touches to his *Francesca di Rimini*, and composing ballet-music for that long-expected work, as well as for his last projected opera, *Psyché*.

Mr and Mrs German Reed have been giving their entertainment, (assisted by Messrs Corney Grain, Alfred Reed, Arthur Law, Misses Fanny Holland and Leonora Braham) in the banqueting room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, during the week.

Dr Hans von Bülow has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow autumn and winter Subscription Concerts, in place of Mr Arthur S. Sullivan, who has resigned. *Tout est pour le mieux* (dans ces meilleures des concerts possibles); we doubt, nevertheless, if the change will be advantageous.—*Graphic*.

Mdme Rosa Csillag, once, at Vienna (1852-3), the rival of Mlle Tietjens, and remembered by frequenters of Mr Gye's theatre in *Fidelio*, *Orphée* (Gluck) and other operas, is now established as a professor of singing and declamation at the Vienna Conservatory.

The idea of Mlle Tietjens appearing at either the Gloucester or the Leeds Festival is, according to recent information, not for a moment to be entertained. She has had a relapse, and a fresh operation. We regret to impart such bad news to her many admirers among the English public; but it is of no use concealing the truth. A week since there appeared to be some prospect of amendment; but this is proved to be illusory. Mlle Tietjens remains at Worthing, there being little chance just now of her being removed to her home in St John's Wood.—(See another page.)

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Organ Concerto, D minor	...	...	Handel.
Romanza, "Disperso il crin"	...	...	Meyerbeer.
Toccata con Fuga, D minor	...	...	Bach.
Selection from the Music to the Drama, <i>Jeanne d'Arc</i>	...	...	Gounod.
Allegretto from the Sonata in E minor	...	...	Weber.
Wedding March	...	...	W. T. Best.

##### SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 18th:—

Organ Sonata, C minor	...	...	G. Merkel.
Adagio, D flat major, Op. 77	...	...	Dussek.
Marche Hongroise	...	...	F. Liszt.
Pastorale and Fugue	...	...	Bach.
Trio, "Tantum ergo"	...	...	Rossini.
Overture, composed for a Military Band	...	...	Mendelssohn.

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